

King Ron



of the
Triceratops

S.S. PAULSON – ILLUSTRATIONS BY MILAGROS GARCÍA





King Ron of the Triceratops

A fable by S.S. Paulson

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Disclaimer: This is a book about talking dinosaurs. It is, as you might guess, a work of fiction about extinct animals, but let me cover my bases anyway. If you're a dinosaur reading this, it's not about you. You can't talk, remember? If you're not a dinosaur, it's not about you either – and why would you even think it was? You're no dinosaur! Either way, it's a made-up story I bet you'll enjoy – even if you're a talking dinosaur. (In that case – that case alone – it may be about you.)

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For JVDE



Ron wasn't a bad egg, just different—a bit larger, more reddish, less mottled—so his Triceratops mother raised him and Little T as brothers.

Ron grew strong fast and liked to take charge. When old King Willson stepped down to let his Princess Jill take over, Ron saw his chance.



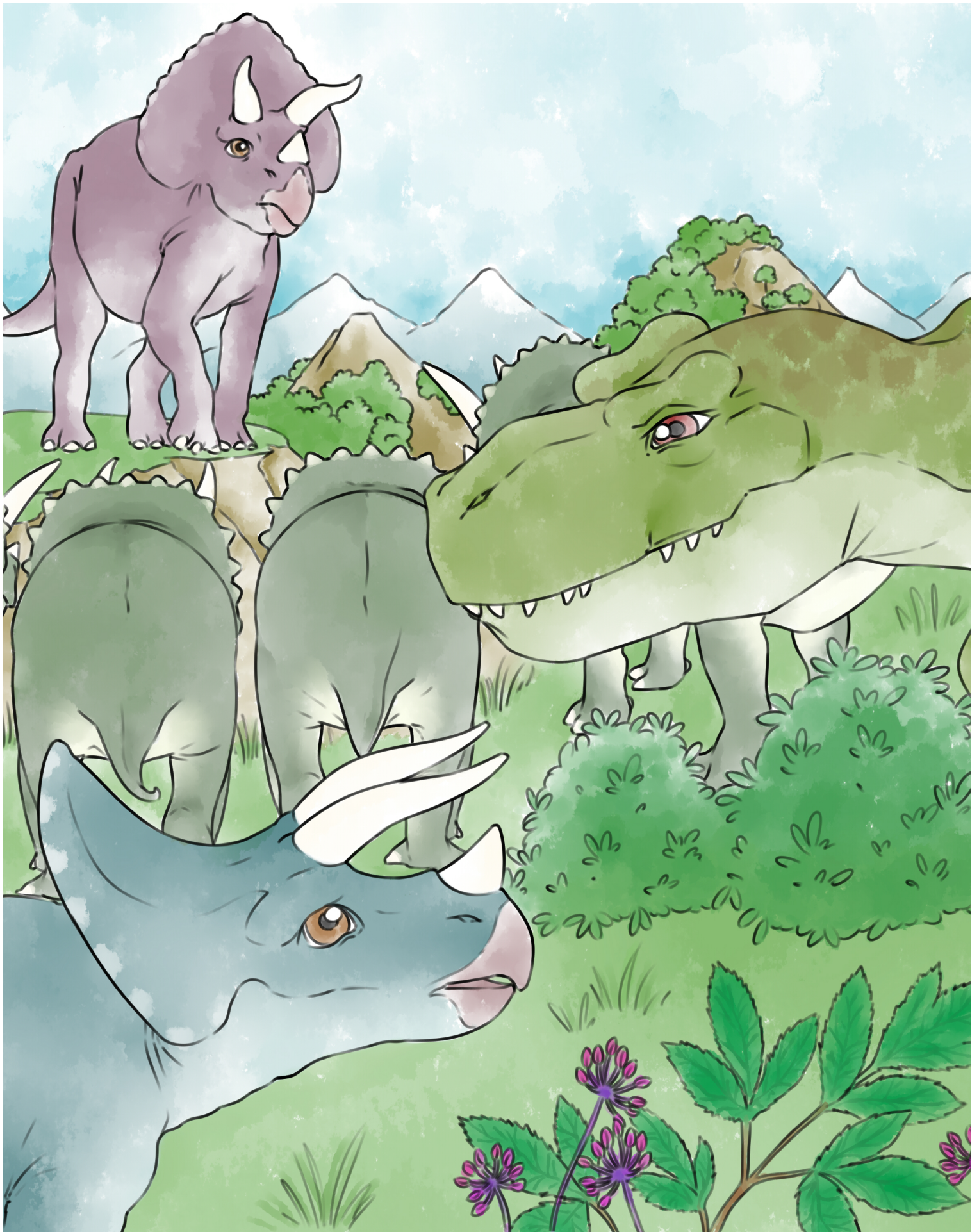
Little T went to Ron's first rally.

“She's riding on her daddy's coattails,” Ron yelled. “Don't crown her just because she's his princess! I'm the only one who can defend us against those carnivores, because nobody knows them better than I do. Trixies first!”

After the rally, Ron came up to Little T. “I'm disappointed, brother. You'll cheer more next time, right?”

Ron grinned with his lips shut. He knew his teeth made the other Trixies a little antsy.

He didn't know that this grin made Little T even more antsy—so antsy he stayed away from all Ron's rallies.

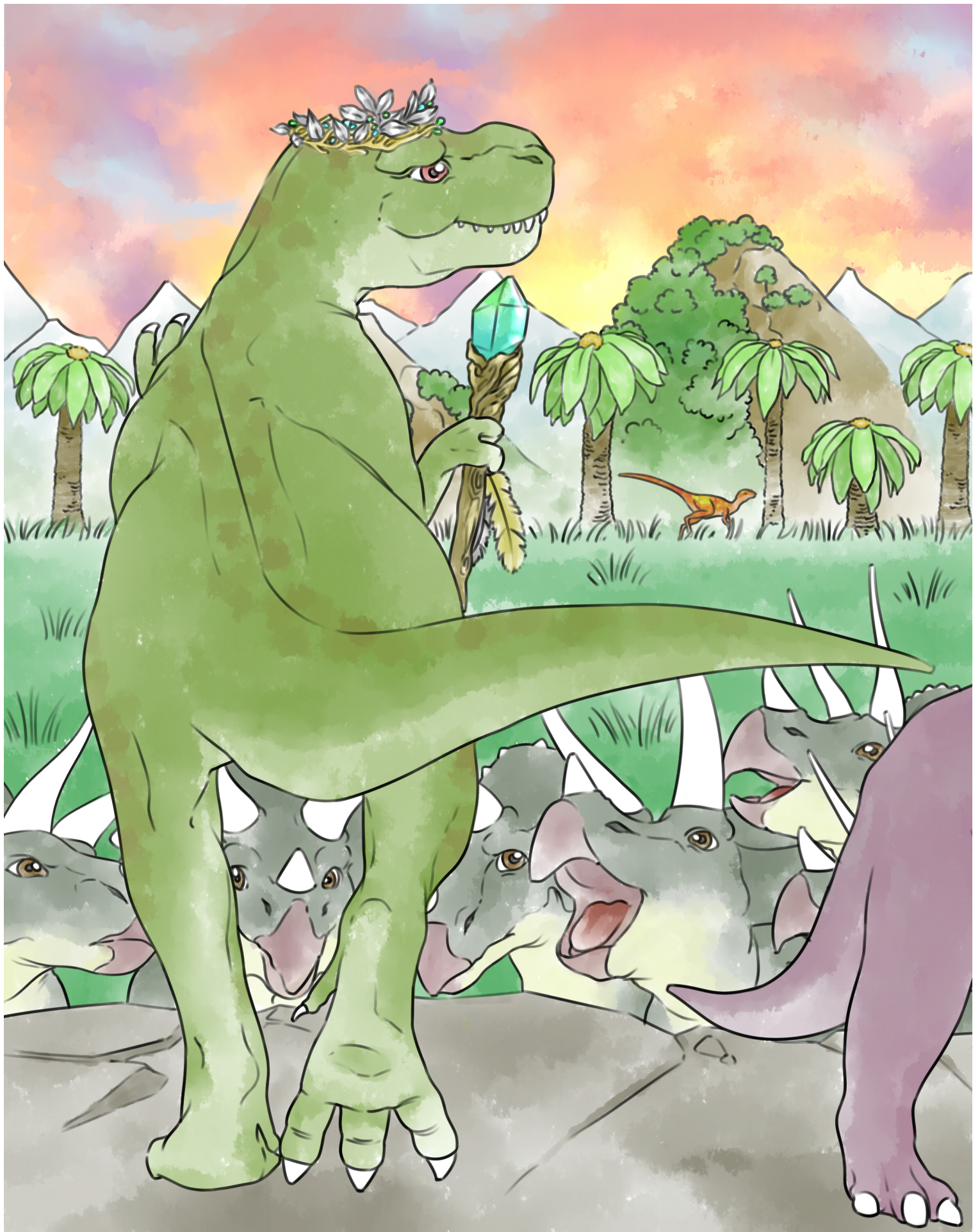


At the great assembly, the crowd roared:
“King Ron! King Ron! King Ron!”

When Little T looked closely, he saw many Trixies staring silently at the ground until they felt someone looking at them.

Princess Jill left the stage in a huff when the crowd crowned Ron. Nobody ever saw her again. Some said she'd left for another herd.

Still, Ron was Little T's brother, so Little T kept silent.



Ron started well. “Safety through discipline!” he cried.

Some doubted him when the herd lost two members to raiding Tyrannosaurs.

Then everyone stopped doubting when the herd used this discipline to ward off ten attacks in a row.



Almost everyone, that is.

“He’s fooling you!” said Little T’s uncle Ted. “How come we beat them off so easily? And how come the two Trixies lost to the Tyrannos were Princess Jill’s best friends? King Ron’s a traitor to Trixies!”

When King Ron was told, he had no choice. This was treason. Under tears he insisted on carrying the death penalty out himself. “My family is my responsibility,” he sobbed.

Little T’s mother cursed that reddish egg and stayed in a dark mood for a week.

Still, Ron was Little T's brother, so Little T kept silent.



Then one day, Little T couldn't find his mother.

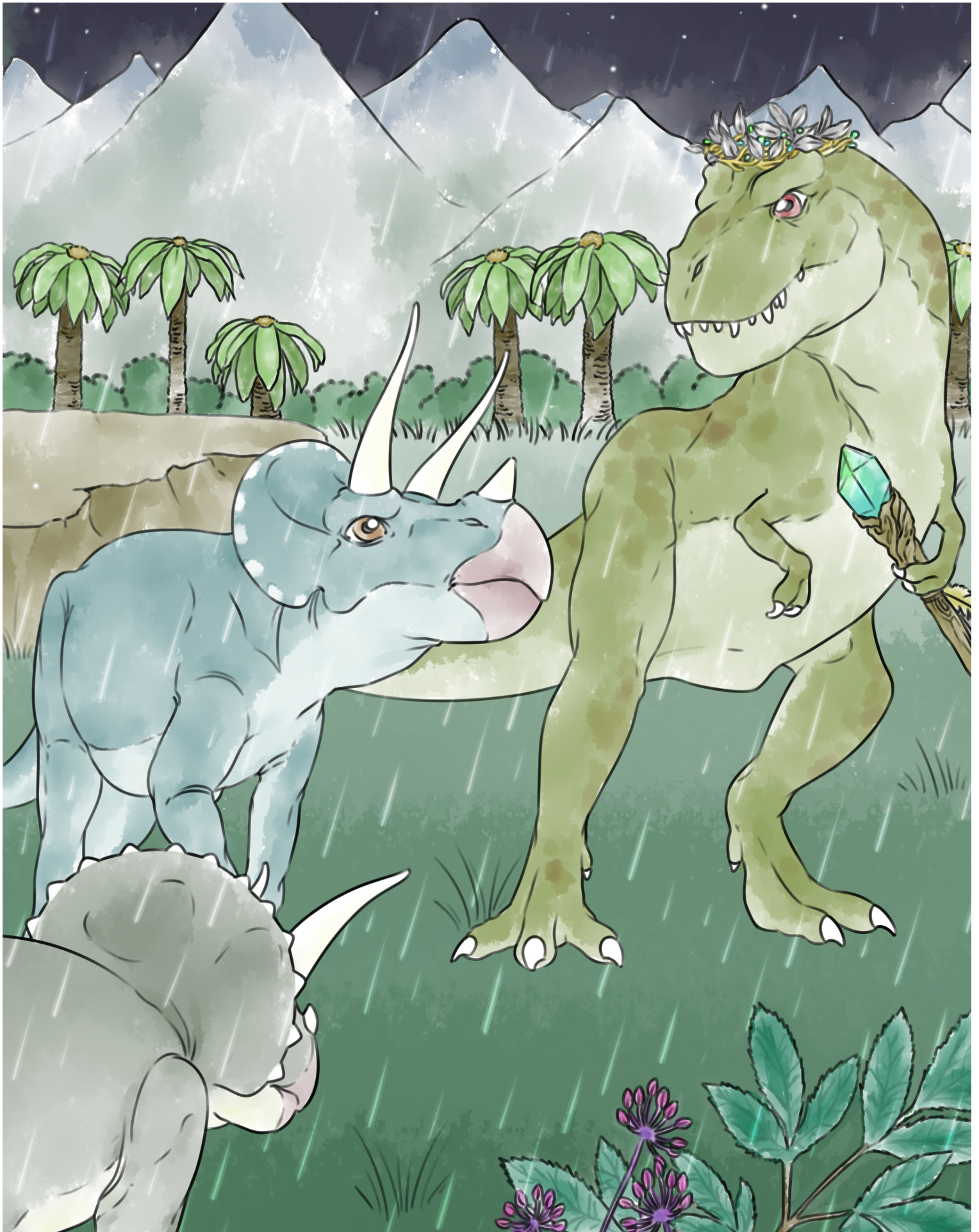
“Have you seen my mommy?”

“I think she headed that way.”

“I think she went to get water.”

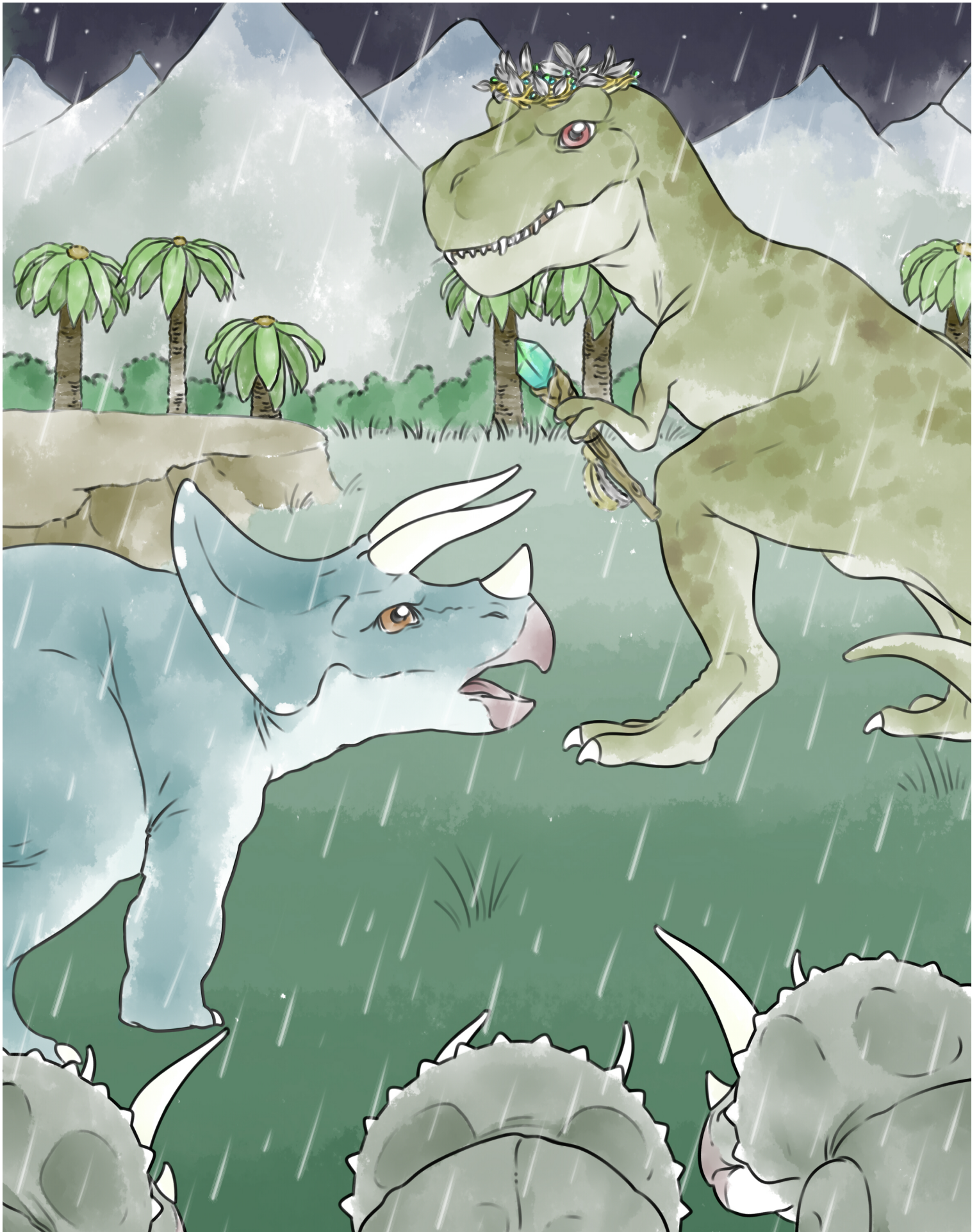
“I think I saw her talking to King Ron.”

King Ron said: “She told me she was leaving on an adventure.”

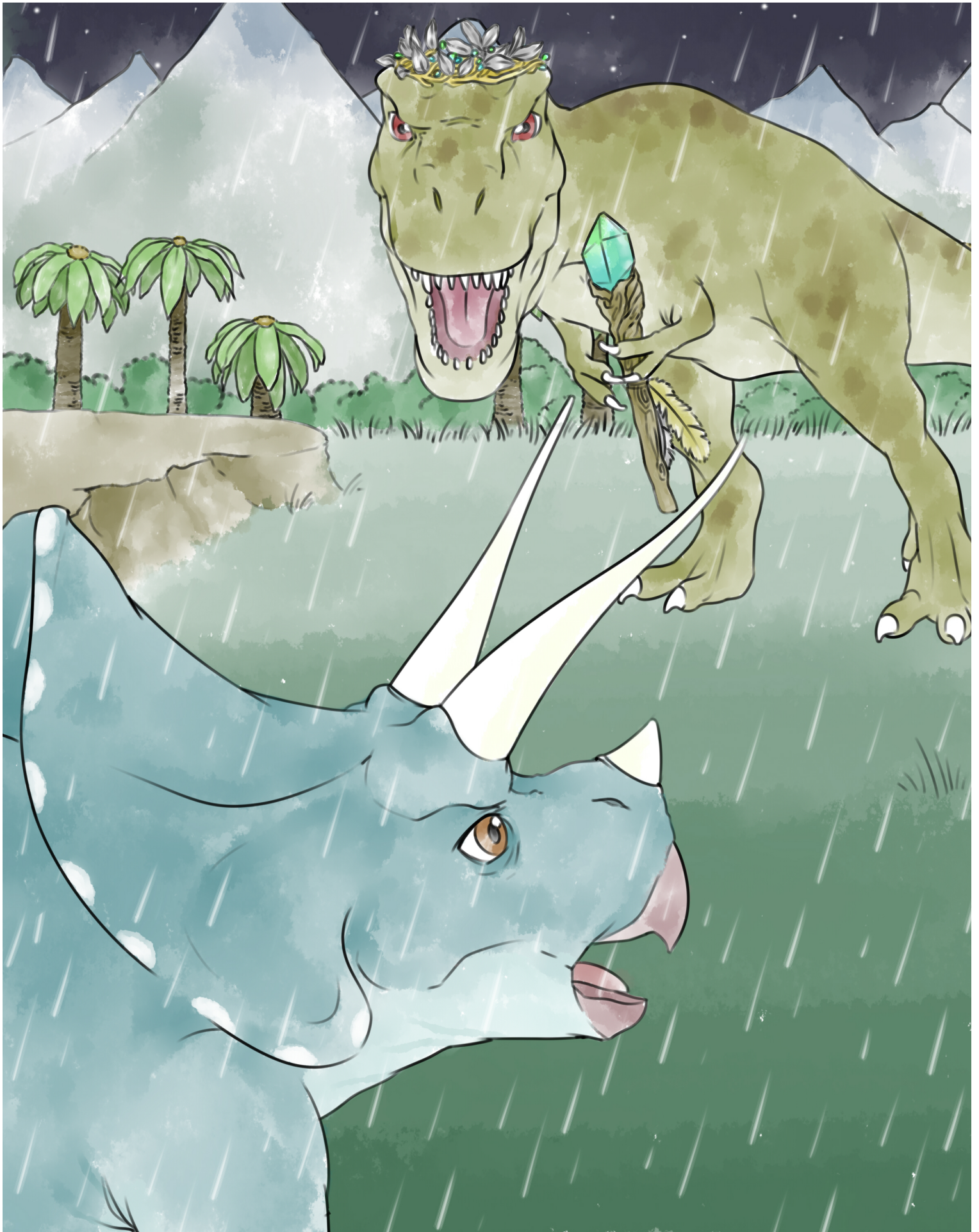


Little T looked at the ground, trembling. As King Ron turned to go, Little T raised his head as high as he could and yelled: “Hey Ron, you’re no king, and you're no Trixie!”

King Ron looked back at Little T, who went on: “You ate my uncle. No Trixie would do that!”



“**Y**ou made our mommy disappear. No
Trixie would do that!”



“And you have little hands, like a Tyranno!”



“AWRRRR!” Ron roared. “My
hands are not little!!!”



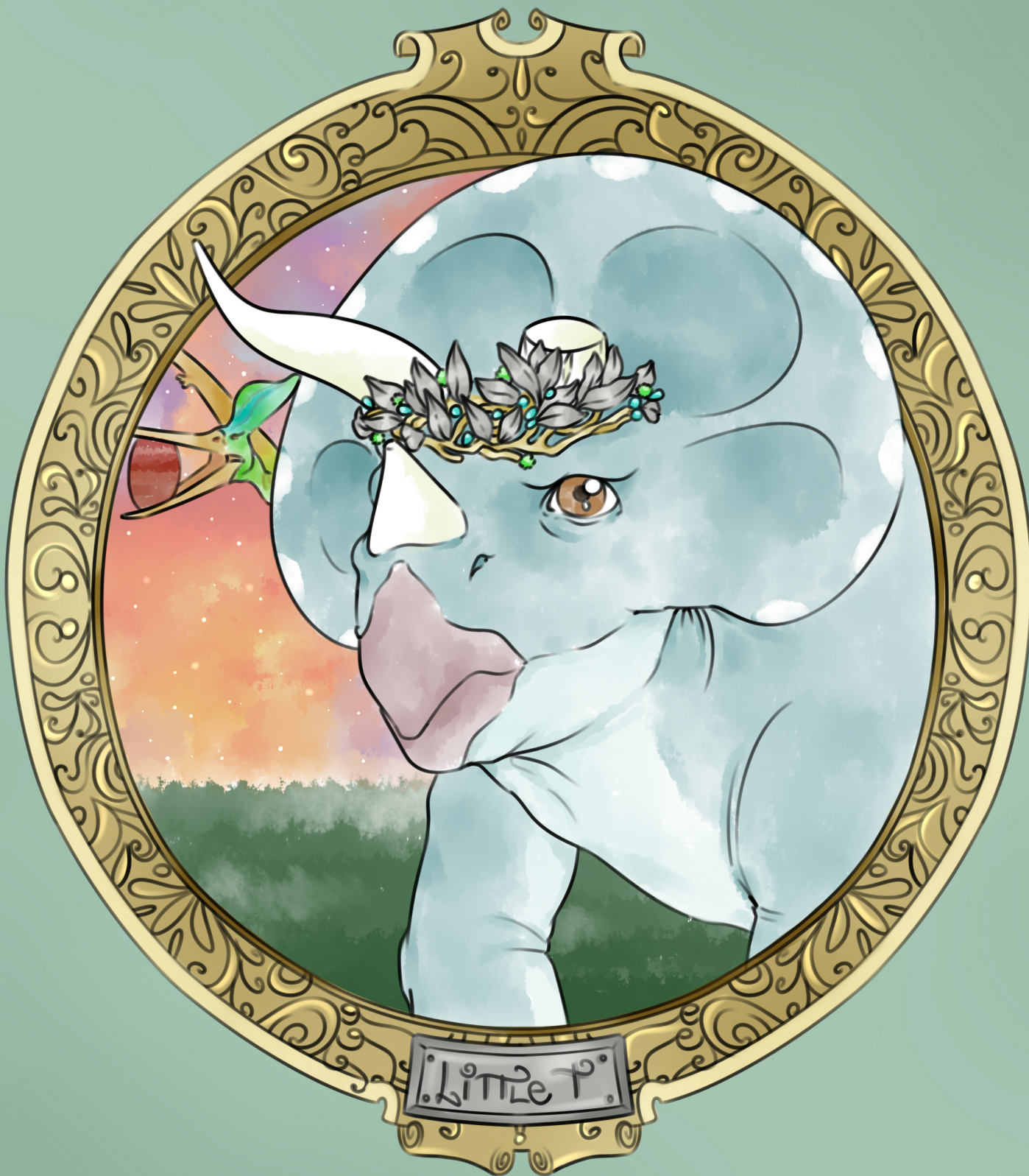
Little T didn't wait for him to finish. He lowered his head and charged at Ron's leg. With a crack, he struck it just above the knee.

Ron yanked his leg up in pain, sending Little T tumbling off. With his eyes on Little T and his mind on revenge, Ron missed the charge of the other Trixies.



The Trixies crowned Little T king for his
smarts and courage. They rolled strange eggs
out to the Pterries and set up a monument to
Ron so they would never forget:

Trixies first!



Ron, King Ron

S.S. Paulson

Swing! ♩ = ♪³ ♪

♩ = 160

Chord symbols: C, Em/B, Am7, G7, F, Dm7, C, C, Em/B, Am7, G7, F, G7, C.

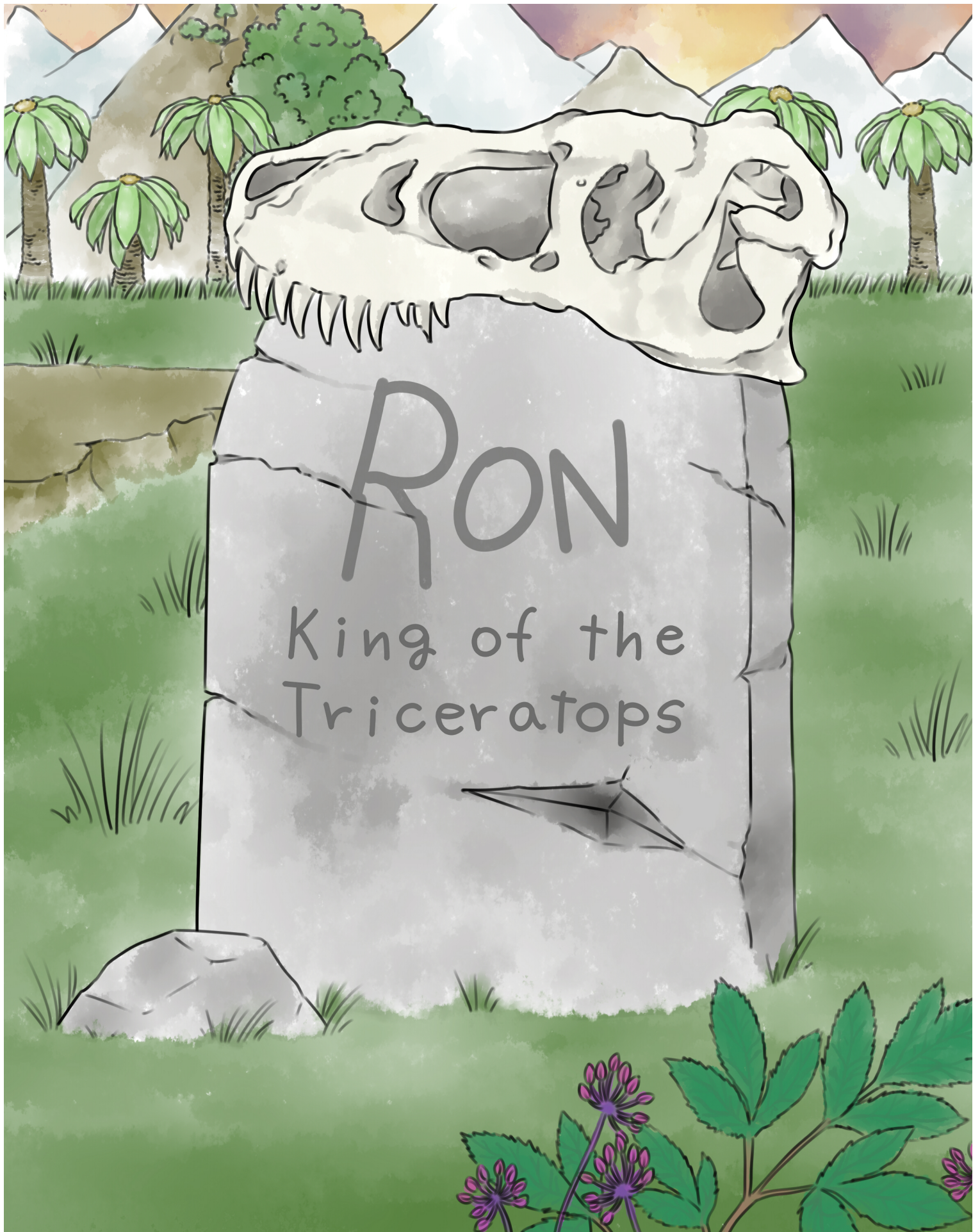
Lyrics:
 Ron, King Ron was Lit - tle T's broth - er,
 Raised to - geth - er by the same moth - er.
 But his life - time goal was an - oth - er:
 Ron was going to be king. _____

2. When King Willson said he'd retire,
 Ron, King Ron pursued his desire.
 Ron's campaign ran strong, caught on fire:
 Ron was going to be king.

3. Ron, King Ron, crowned king of the Trixies,
 Strengthened order, made them look slick; see,
 He sure taught the herd a few tricks, he
 Really taught them to win.

4. Ron, King Ron expanded his power,
 Made his critics quiver and cower.
 But that caused resistance to flower:
 Soon King Ron was king gone.

5. Ron, King Ron is only a fable
 Showing why it's bad to enable
 Bad ideas to sit at the table:
 Send them straight to the john!



Note to parents:

Except for the bits about dinosaurs talking and Triceratops accepting T-Rex babies, we've done our best to stay factual so your six-year-old needn't complain. If we did get something wrong, please let us know at feedback@doblonbooks.com. And please consider posting a review at your favorite online bookstore or book club!



A T-Rex, king of the Triceratops?

As a Tyrannosaurus egg, Ron rolled into a Triceratops nest. He grew up calling Little T his brother and became king of the Triceratops with the promise: "Trixies first!"

When things go sour in this dinosaur fable, Little T has to decide where his loyalty lies.